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bomb proof, over which are a few neat apartments occupied by the officers of the garrison, ordnance storekeeper, and master gunner. A little southward are the armourer's forge and a furnace for heating shot; near which, on the outer wall of the castle, is a small projecting tower, called the lion's den.

Southward, on the right, is the passage into the inner yard or upper balium, by a gate with a semicircular arch, above which is a long aperture, circular at the top. Inside, this aperture opens considerably; and, on each side, are niches in the wall, apparently to protect those who defended the gate—northward of which are several like apertures, and on the south, a square tower, near which is a small door, or sally-port, with semicircular arch, and ornamented. The openings above this gate, and in the wall, appear to have been originally intended for the discharging of arrows; the top of the wall overhead seems to have been formerly garrated for a like purpose.

Within this yard, which is encompassed by a high wall, is a small magazine, built a few years since, several storehouses, and the keep, or donjon, a square tower ninety feet high. Both the south and east sides of this tower face the inner yard, its west wall forming a part of the outside wall of the building: its north wall faces the outer yard. The walls of the keep are eight feet ten inches thick; the entrance is on the east by a semicircular door in the second story. On the left of the entrance is a small door, now built up, by which was formerly a passage in the south-east corner, by helical stone stairs, to the ground floor and top of the tower. In this passage were loop-holes for the admission of air and light; and opposite each story a small door that opened into the different apartments. At present the ascent to the top is partly by wooden stairs inside. The ground story of the keep is bomb proof, with small slits looking into the inner yard. It is believed to have been anciently a state prison, and is now the principal magazine in this garrison. Several rooms in the other stories are occupied as an armoury, and for other military stores. On the top of the tower are two small houses; that on the south-east corner covers the mouth of the passage; the other, on the south-west corner, seems to have been intended for a sentinel.

The tower is divided into five stories; the largest room was formerly in the third story, with semicircular windows. It was called Fergus's dining-room, and was twenty-five feet ten inches high, forty feet long, and thirty-eight broad. Within the keep was formerly a draw well, thirty-seven feet deep, the water of which was anciently celebrated for medicinal purposes. This well is now nearly filled up with rubbish.

The following notice of this castle is given in a survey by George Clarkson in 1587: "The building of the said castle on the south part is three towers, viz. the gate-house, tower in the middle thereof, which is the entry at a draw-bridge over a dry moat; and in said tower is a prison and porter lodge, and over the same a fair lodging, called the constable's lodging; and in the court between the gate-house and west tower in the corner, being of divers squares called Cradyfergus, is a fair and comely building, a chapel, and divers houses of office, on the ground, and above the great chamber, and the lords lodging, all which is now in great decay as well in the coverture being lead, also in timber and glass, and without help and reparation it will soon come to utter ruin."

THE LITTLE NURSE.

A SKETCH FROM THE WICKLOW HILLS.

* * * * *
 Shall we not seize the time and ride
 By Avon's stream, by Lara's side,
 To yon lone vale where, hid from day,
 The miner works his venturous way,
 Wrestling from earth her glittering hoard,
 Beneath primeval ruin stored;
 Heap piled on heap, as wave on wave,
 Of worlds succeeding worlds the grave.

Such were the concluding lines of an invitation once sent me, to join a few scientific friends on a tour through

the Wicklow hills. An amateur in geology was the Laureate of the party. The events of this little excursion are among the pleasantest recollections of my life; but in the following sketch of our first day's progress, I have omitted much, especially in details of scenery, rendered familiar by the pens of more professed tourists; and indeed my chief inducement to arrange these notes for perusal is, that they include an affecting and somewhat novel incident in the history of domestic life.

The first object of our excursion was the great lead mine of Luggenure, opening, as our geologist informed us on the side of a lofty hill, and driven downwards to a great depth through the solid rock. To reach this point we started with the earliest dawn, and ere sunrise were upon a road which, winding at the base of Sugarloaf mountain, leads by a very gradual ascent to the plain of Calory, on its south-western side. Here our botanist, Mr. Neville, who has preserved beyond the close of his half century, all the freshness of spirit and much of the activity of youth, insisted on climbing the mountain in quest of some of the rarer species of Fern which he expected to find among the rocks near the summit. The geologist, hammer in hand, backed this proposal: our painter anticipated a glorious view from the peak; and Dr. James and myself, having no hobbies of our own, were content to enjoy it with him.

Accordingly, where the road wound through the valley of Glencormac, we quitted our vehicle, and, sending it forward to meet us at the opposite side, began to climb the shoulder of the hill, although the loose rocks upon its steep and shattered side, seen through the grey twilight, appeared doubly grotesque in form and threatening in position. Before we had reached the top, the east began to redden, and a light breeze arose: the clouds broke up suddenly, like the ice in a northern spring, and the blue sky, bright and distant, became visible through the openings. A wreath of white mist still rested on the low range of hills stretching to our right, from the waterfall and wooded heights of Powerscourt to the eastern boundary of Lake Dan, concealing their outline, and waving like a curtain along their sides: the monarch Djouce alone heaved his broad summit into the clear blue sky, and, cut off by the mist from the adjoining hills and the plain below him, seemed a portion of some brighter world. One by one the cabins scattered over the lower grounds began to send up their thin columns of smoke, and figures could be seen moving through the fields as we descended slowly towards a dark speck on the road below, which we hailed as our vehicle. Mr. Neville had found his fern, but the geologist had been less successful as to certain sandstones, and the mist had interfered with our draughtsman's view. Not the less cheerily did we resume our way. We had started as philosophers, and were determined to support that character in all its senses.

The sun was up, and the world awake and stirring, as we passed the bridge over the Avonmore, and entered the romantic valley of the Seven Churches. The bare and rocky glen of Luggenure now lay open to our right; but instead of proceeding at once to the mine, we advanced into Glendalough, and again crossing the river nearer to where it issues from the lake, wandered for some time among those ancient ecclesiastical buildings now in ruin, the number of which within so small a space, renders it probable, independent of local tradition, that here was one of those seats of learning and religion which gave celebrity to this island in the earlier ages of Christianity. We then rowed across the lake to gain a nearer view of the rock from which St. Kevin saw the waters close over his Kathleen, and also of the cave or "bed," which he is said to have made his home. Our painter was so delighted with the land view from the lake, that on our return he spread forth his drawing materials upon a rock, and commenced a sketch. As I stood beside him watching the progress of his work, I could not but reflect how nearly to a state of nature this once thronged and cultivated valley had returned; and, except in the vague traditions of the place, how entirely the memory of those who once taught and worshipped here had perished. The ruined walls remain, and traces of ancient husbandry can still be discerned on the steep sides of the surround-

ing hills : but of the sage or the saint—those lights of a barbarous time—no authentic memorial has survived : they have bequeathed to us no living work—no monument of their intellectual strength or beauty—no pillar of the mind to lift its head above the flood of time, and point to the vale of Glendalough.

I was awakened from this dream of the past, by the near approach of an old woman who had been for some time making slowly towards us. She stopped for a moment before the painter, then made a low courtesy, and said in a hesitating manner, "Maybe your honour's not the gentleman? They told me at the inn that there was a strange doctor gone to the Bed."

"I'm a strange fellow, no doubt," said the artist, without raising his head, "but not exactly the one you want. There, old woman," looking up, and pointing with his pencil, "there stands your man of physic—that laughing gentleman in black."

Dr. James, who was standing at a little distance, with Mr. Neville, jesting on the geologist and his pre-adamite worlds, turned on hearing this. "Well, granny, what's the matter with you—don't mind that daubing fellow."

"Och, its not with me that the matter is, your reverence, (your honor I mane, if I could spake); I'm ould, acushla, and there's no cure for that. But it's a poor little child that's anexpected—the crathur's in the scales since morning, and it 'ud be the height of a charity to cast your opinion on it; and the poor sister—"

"Can you tell me the child's complaint?"

"Och, God help it, it can't complain, and it not nine months ould; and I'm only a neighbour, and the little sister's not a jidge."

To a further question, however, she explained that the infant had "an impression on it heart," to remedy which they had "baided it in potato water," and put "black wool on it chist," and given it a drop of punch "to rise it little heart;" but "in spite of all," last night it was "smothered entirely."

James now expressed his readiness to visit the child, and the old woman moved off, followed by our whole party. She directed her steps towards a point at some distance, where smoke seemed to issue from the side of a sloping bank; keeping up, as she hobbled before us, a sort of broken rambling soliloquy, of which, from time to time, I could catch, "the greatest of Christian charities—skilful looking gentlemen, God bless them—the height of poverty and exile—the poor little sister, not twelve years ould—this pain in my back—"

She was interrupted by a group of little girls, who were dancing, or rather jumping, hand in hand, around one of their companions, chanting some merry but monotonous rhyme. They now suddenly broke up their sport to crowd about her, and enquire eagerly, "How was 'Statia's child?—would it live?—would it die?" The old woman held on her way, saying, "Don't stop me, jewels; don't you see the gentlemen—bad enough, bad enough it is."

We now approached a cabin of very small dimensions, lodged, for the advantage of shelter, in an excavation of the high bank of gravel which rose behind it. The thatch was much decayed, and where attempts to repair it were visible, rushes from the neighbouring lake had supplied the place of straw. There was no chimney, the smoke issuing through a hole in the roof; and the aperture intended for a window was partly closed by a large slate. Before the door, several young children—plump, rosy, and ragged—were shouting in great glee, and dragging about a goat, which the tallest boy made many unsuccessful attempts to ride. This urchin wore a trowsers, the legs of which, torn through their entire length, fluttered in streams behind him as he ran. Another little fellow waddled about in a man's waistcoat, worn as a surtout, and covering him to his heels. A cheque apron thrown on as a cloak, helped out the attire of a third; while two young ones sprawled in the sun, with scarcely any pretensions to apparel. The old woman pushed through them, muttering, "God help yes for childer! ye've no better wit," and led the way into the cabin, where a sadder scene presented itself.

On the floor, in one of those large baskets used here by the peasantry, for straining their boiled potatoes, and

now applied to the purpose of a cradle, lay the sick child. Beside it, on a very low stool, sat a little girl, whom I judged to be the sister mentioned by the old woman. She seemed about eleven or twelve years old, and might be considered handsome, even for this region of personal as well as picturesque beauty; but her figure was small and slight, and there sat an anxious and careworn expression on her pretty features, which strangely contrasted with their extreme youth, and seemed to denote a premature acquaintance with sorrow or suffering. She looked up as we entered, and cast an enquiring glance on our conductress, but did not rise.

"'Statia, jewel," said the old woman, "it's a doctor that's in it; and I brought him to see the poor brother; and, with God's help, who knows what he may do?"

The little girl instantly rose. Her cheek, which before was very pale, became deeply flushed; and as James bent over the cradle, feeling the infant's pulse, and watching its hurried breathing, she stood opposite to him, her figure leaning forward, her little hands clasped, her bright eyes keenly and eagerly fixed, as if to catch from his first glance some presage of her brother's fate.

"Sir," said she, "will it live?"

The doctor seemed unprepared to answer this question, or, willing to evade it, he remained silent for a moment, and then inquired for the mother.

"We have no mother, Sir," said Anastatia; "she died the night he was born."

"Well, my dear, whoever nurses the child—any one to take directions."

"I nurse him, Sir—there's nobody else."

As this announcement called forth a general expression of surprise, the old woman explained to us, that the father of this family (having six children besides the new-born infant, when bereft of his wife, had been unable, from extreme poverty, to employ a nurse. The neighbouring women, therefore, had taught little 'Statia to feed the child, "And well," added she, "has she fed him and cared him, day and night, hour and time—sure the half of the creature's not in it—she's worn off the face of the earth."

The child's appearance, as in his feverish sleep he tossed about his large ruddy limbs, bore testimony that the feeding, at least, had not been neglected.

"And can it be possible," said I, "that you have reared this fine boy without assistance?"

"Yes," said she, mournfully, as she bent down to arrange the coverings he had thrown aside—"I reared him. He never had a nurse but me, and now he's going—"

Here the old woman threw in her mite of consolation. "And 'Statia, dear, if it's going, sure it's going to God; and wont it be better done for, than ever you could do for it."

The poor little nurse turned impatiently away, and burst into tears. She was, no doubt, sufficiently instructed to be aware that the old woman had spoken truth. But this infant, while he claimed from her a mother's care, had awakened, even thus early, a mother's love. He was to her in place of the toys and recreations of her youth: her pet—her plaything—her own! She had watched over him till her young cheek had become pale, and her childish form wasted, and now "he was going—" going to the coffin, and the deep dark grave.

I was so much moved by the poor girl's distress, that, although quite ignorant in the matter, I tried to cheer her with some hope of her brother's recovery. But the doctor's silence had not escaped her.

"O Sir," said she in a whisper, "that gentleman don't think so—you don't know how bad he is."

James now assured her that there was still a chance of recovery, which, however, would depend on his being able to bleed the child; and for this purpose directed the old woman to take him upon her lap; but 'Statia interposed—

"He wouldn't stay with you, Molly—he's quiet with no one but me."

She now seated herself beside him, and I remarked the expert and matronly air with which she lifted her young charge from the cradle, and adjusted him on her lap for the operation—holding out his arm, and hiding his face in her bosom, that he might not see the strangers.

"Now, Sir," said she, "he's ready. Children, stand from the gentleman's light—boys, stay outside, I bid you."

When the lancet appeared, I observed that she shut her eyes, and turned her head aside: yet, although her whole frame shook, she held him firmly till the operation was over.

The child bled rapidly and became faint; and we had some difficulty in convincing her that he was not dying. After a few minutes, however, the relief he had experienced became manifest. The eldest boy was now directed to follow us to the inn for some medicine which the doctor had in his valise, and we were leaving the cabin, when a gaunt, ragged figure, carrying a spade on his shoulder, appeared coming towards it. On learning from Molly that this man was the father of the family, Dr. James went up to him, and explained what had been done for the child, adding, that although somewhat relieved, he was by no means out of danger. The poor man sighed deeply.

"Welcome," said he, "be the will of God. But that little crature you saw there, 'ill break her heart after him; and she's all the mother I have for six of them. If anything happens *her* I'm totally defeated."

We said what we could to cheer him, and promising to visit the child on our return, set forward for Luggenure. Before us stood the celebrated round tower, rising, like a huge pillar, to the height of 110 feet in the centre of the valley. The history of these singular structures is still enveloped in the mist of ages; and the researches of the antiquarian have tended rather to show what they *were not*, than to throw light upon their real origin and use. The most probable opinions connect them with some form of pagan worship—possibly of the Phenician idols—the gods of Canaan brought into this remote island by the scattered remnant of that mighty, but ill-fated race. Their "high places" were certainly *buildings*, and were not always seated upon hills, for they were at one time to be found in *all* the cities of Israel; and there also was one in the valley of Hinnom. They may therefore have been "high" only with respect to the grove which it was usual to plant around them. As I turned from this monument of human frailty, towards the hovel we had just quitted, I thought how much heavier might have been the burden of its poor inmates, but for that purer faith which had overthrown the idol, and left its high place desolate in the midst of Christian temples. The poor peasant, who in his sorrow yet "welcomed the will of God," must have turned for help to the frantic and cruel rites of the heathen: his sweet child might have bent her knee at the profligate shrine of Baal, or her brother have torn from her arms to pass through fire to Moloch.

I must not lengthen this paper by a description of Luggenure; especially as I did not enter the mine myself. The painter, who did, (his sublime and beautiful lie above ground, and he is somewhat fastidious in his dress,) after ten minutes disappearance, suddenly scrambled out, denouncing it as "a den, Sir; a mere hole—deep, dirty, dark, and dangerous." Our geologist, on the contrary, was enchanted, and saw worlds piled on worlds at every step of his descent.

It was evening when we returned to the sick child, and to our inexpressible satisfaction, found him so much relieved, that the doctor considered his danger nearly over. I may add, that before we left the neighbourhood he had perfectly recovered.

Years have since rolled by, and I have seen little 'Stafia in the bloom of womanhood, surrounded by those children to whom—herself a child—she had been as a mother. The elder boys were then sufficiently grown to be able to assist their father, and add somewhat to the comforts of their cabin. The latter had improved in its furniture, and was enlarged by an additional room. She did not recollect me, till I reminded her of the scene I have described, and enquired for the child. She then blushed and smiled, and beckoned to a rosy boy, who came prancing across the floor, and jumped upon her lap—"Paddy," said she, "did you ever see that gentleman before?" J. M.

The Croup, one of the most dangerous and rapid of the diseases of children, may in many instances be effectually checked by the external application to the throat of equal parts of camphor, spirits of wine, and hartshorn, well mixed together.

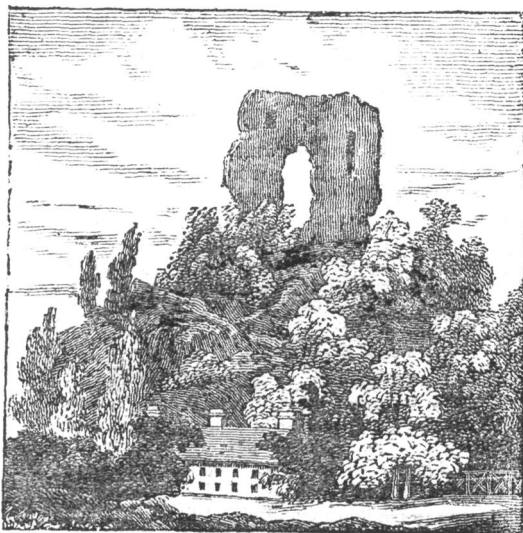
CASTLEKNOCK.

Thus often shall memory, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus sighing, look through the waves of time,
For the long faded glories they cover.

MOORE.

Outside the town of Castleknock, and situated in the demesne of Mr. Guinn,* are two steep hills, one a plain circular knoll, formerly called Windmill hill, crowned by a circular building, which was erected by Mr. Guinn for an observatory, but afterwards let go to ruin; the other, bearing the venerable remains of an old castle, from which the town takes its name. Scanty as the remains are of this "ruin of a ruin," they must strike the eye of the traveller with reverence: the many scenes that are associated with it, of chivalry and of glory—of feudal pomp and revelry, and, perhaps, many a foul and midnight murder, must leave an impression on his mind, as he treads on the ground on which "the Bruce" of yore strode in his might, not easily to be obliterated. Well may he sigh as he gazes on the ivy branches that cluster round the aged walls, in hopes of preserving them from the fate of their former lords,

"For the long faded glories they cover."



Tradition says that this castle was a royal residence of the Danes. I have seen an old Irish verse in which it is called "Royal Castlenoc." Grose says it is a respectable old ruin, and was given by Strongbow to his friend, Hugh Tyrrell, from which time it remained in the same family till the invasion of Edward Bruce, who took it and its lord, Hugh Tyrrell, and family, prisoners, but ransomed them after. It was again taken by Colonel Monk in 1642, who killed eighty rebels, and hanged many more. In 1649 the Earl of Ormond appeared before it. After the Restoration it fell into decay. Its situation is bold and commanding in the extreme, and the view from its walls very extensive: it is said that the hill of Maynooth can be seen from it. On the east side, the remains of the entrenchments have given place to an indistinguishable mass of steep earth; but on the opposite side they are almost perfect, though mound and fosse are now both alike covered with tall trees. The only perfect open about the building is a little postern door in one of the battlement walls, to the west. The ruin shown in the drawing, I presume, was a round tower or keep, and appears to have been battered from the opposite hill. The open in the centre, I think, was a gate or door, as it appears to have been arched. In the thickness of the walls was a winding passage, not a stairs, from the bottom to the top of the castle. The inhabitants say that you could go by that passage to the foundation of the walls, which are said to

* I believe it now belongs to the Rev. Gentlemen of Maynooth College.